

Commercial Review

The past week has been an unusually busy one in Honolulu business and financial circles. This has not been, however, so much on account of the number or importance of business transactions as because of the fact that the Sugar Planters' Association was in session from Monday to Thursday, inclusive, and that a large number of plantation people were in the city. Aside from operations on the stock exchange, which were rather active, there was not a great deal doing in the way of other than retail business, but the planters' meetings took up much of the time of many of the business men.

One big deal that had been previously announced—the proposed merger of the First National Bank of Hawaii and the Bank of Hawaii—was called off during the week, the stockholders of the last named institution deciding at a meeting held a week ago yesterday that it would be better for them and the community for the two banks to remain separate.

Prospects Are Bright.

The reports made at the planters' meeting were of the most encouraging nature, showing that the plantations have just harvested a record-breaking crop, have prospects of an even larger crop the coming year, and the price of sugar has gone soaring. It reached 4.36 during the week and has maintained that altitude since. The labor question was debated by the planters' in executive session but no final decision was reached and the matter was turned over to the board of trustees for further action. The trustees have held meetings since the adjournment of the association's meeting, but have not yet come to any conclusion as to what is to be done. It appears probable, however, that whatever plan is adopted will be along the line of the extension of the contract system.

Stock Market Thrills.

The stock market during the week experienced the thrill of a genuine sensation due to the spectacular upward movement in McBryde. That stock, opening on Monday at 4.37½, advanced rapidly each day of the week up to Friday, when it reached the high water mark of 6.75. Yesterday the stock fell off a little, the market closing at 6.12½. During the flurry the trading was extraordinarily active and a very large number of stocks changed hands. The advance in price was due to information given out that the agency of the plantation was to be transferred from Theo. H. Davies & Company to Alexander & Baldwin. It has also been stated that under the new arrangement, which however, is not yet consummated, McBryde plantation will get part of Makaweli's water. One or two traders got advance information of the deal and went into the market strongly after the stock, with the result that the price promptly jumped, even before the brokers generally knew of the proposed transaction.

Olaa Advances.

Olaa naturally followed the advance of McBryde and sold yesterday at 6.12½, the same as McBryde. In fact, traders on the floor were swapping the two stocks evenly during the morning.

Waialua Up Again.

Waialua made an advance which, while less spectacular than that of McBryde, was fully as important. Yesterday it sold at 122, the same figure as a week before when there was a 2.50 dividend to be collected. The stock, as a matter of fact, made an advance of 4.50, as it was selling down to 117.50 the early part of the week.

Other Stocks Quiet.

There was nothing approaching a sensation in other stocks. In fact, most of them were practically forgotten in the McBryde flurry. Honokaa was only moderately active at 20.25 and 20. Ewa fell off a little at the close of the week but was moderately active.

The demand for Onomea has ceased and the stock was quiescent the past week. Yesterday a small demand arose for Hilo railroad and a few shares changed hands at 12.

The bond market was inactive and all the securities listed maintained an even price.

Kolon paid its dividend of six per cent. on the 17th, and on the strength of this there was some small trading in the stock.

Season Early.

Grinding has already commenced at some of the mills and the season will be an early one. The first load of sugar will go out on the Arizonan next month, an extra vessel having been put on for that month on account of the early crop.

The Maui Agricultural Company's mill at Paia began grinding last Monday. It is expected that the season's output will aggregate 30,000 tons. The Punneer mill started a week before the Paia mill and a record crop is expected.

Portuguese Coming.

An announcement of extreme importance to the sugar interests is that 800 Portuguese immigrants secured by A. J. Campbell will arrive here on the steamship Swanley the first week in December. Mr. Campbell expected to be able to secure not less than 2500, and with that expectation chartered a vessel with a capacity of 2600 passengers. But he miscalculated it appears and had to leave with only 800.

For Later Closing.

The merchants' association at its meeting held last Friday adopted a resolution recommending to the consideration of the Honolulu merchants the plan, suggested by G. W. Smith, of keeping their places of business open on certain nights in the week, for the accommodation of the soldiers and sailors. The matter was vigorously debated, Mr. Smith making the statement that conditions in Honolulu are changing and the merchants must adapt themselves to such changed conditions. He quoted figures showing the large amounts that are paid out here to enlisted men, most of which, it seems, finds its way into the tills of the oriental storekeepers.

Coastwise Suspension.

The agitation for the suspension of the coastwise shipping laws refuses to be downed, and opposition to it appears now to be confined principally to more interested parties, though there are, of course, some disinterested persons who are honestly opposed to the proposed measure for the relief of Hawaii. The question is to be tackled again by the merchants' association, it having been referred to the board of governors for consideration at the next meeting of the board.

Thanksgiving Business.

The retail business during the coming week promises to be brisk, as Thanksgiving comes on Thursday and the housewives have the usual holiday preparations to make. With Christmas only a month away, business for the merchants should be good from now on.

Real Estate Still Dull.

The real estate business is at present, for some unexplained reason, in a state of considerable depression. In fact, for a month past there have been very few transfers, and hardly any of consequence. During the past week the market was even slower than it had been for three weeks before. The only transaction of much importance was the administrator's sale yesterday noon of the W. C. Peacock property, which was sold under a mortgage. A total of \$62,800 was realized, enough, it is said, to cover the mortgage. The property on Bishop street, between King and Merchant, was sold to the First National Bank for \$22,100. The piece on the east corner of Nuuanu avenue and Merchant went to the First American Savings Bank for \$17,800. Another piece on Queen street went to the same bank for \$2500. R. J. Buchly bought the W. C. Peacock interest in 475 shares of the capital stock of W. C. Peacock & Co. for \$20,400. This, with the stock previously held by Mr. Buchly, gives him the controlling interest in the company.

Stock Transactions.

McBryde—100, 125 @ 4.375; 50 @ 4.75; 85 @ 4.875; 50, 100, 100, 25 @ 5; 5 @ 5.25; 10 @ 5.625; 500 @ 5.75; 500, 100, 15 @ 6; 400, 74 @ 6.125; 500, 500 @ 6.25; 578, 20 @ 6.50; 100 @ 6.625; 500, 500, 35, 20 @ 6.75; 6, 9, 10 @ 6.625; 40 @ 6.50; 10, 5 @ 6; 10, 10, 5, 15, 25 @ 6.125.
Oahu—10, 10, 10 @ 32.50; 35, 100 @ 20, 75, 10, 25, 50, 70 @ 32.75.
Honokaa—25, 25, 55, 100, 10, 20, 35, 20 @ 20.25; 10, 190 @ 20.
Waialua—5 @ 118; 10, 5, 5, 30 @ 117.50; 35 @ 118; 10, 25, 80 @ 120; 10 @ 121; 10 @ 121.50; 65, 10, 5 @ 122.
Haw. Ag. Co.—25 @ 250.
Haw. C. & S.—10, 40, 100, 80 @ 35.25.
Ewa—100 @ 31; 100 @ 31.25; 25, 75, 25, 20, 50, 50, 15, 35, 10, 10, 15, 25 @ 31.50; 50 @ 31.75; 40 @ 31.25.
Hutchinson—10 @ 17.50.
Olaa—50, 50 @ 5.375; 85, 100, 50, 70, 20 @ 5.50; 50 @ 5.625; 25, 85, 50 @ 5.75; 100 (S. 15) @ 6; 100, 200, 110, 20 @ 6; 45, 10, 10, 25, 5, 5 @ 6.125.
Pioneer—10, 5, 5 @ 185; 5 @ 186; 15, 25, 5 @ 186.75.
I. I. S. N.—13 @ 114.
Onomea—25, 75, 100 @ 55.50.
Hilo R. R.—7 @ 12.
Haw. Sug. Co.—30, 20 @ 50.

Bonds.

Pioneer 6s—\$1000 @ 104.
O. R. & L. 5s—\$2000, \$800 @ 102.
Hilo R. R. 6s—\$1000, \$500, \$1000, \$1000 @ 100.50.
Olaa 6s—\$7000, \$3000 @ 100.125.

Dividends.

November 10—Hawaiian Sugar Co., 11.2 per cent.; Oahu Sugar Co., 11.2 per cent.; O. R. & L. Co., 3.4 per cent.; Pepeekeo, 1 per cent.; Waialua (13.4 special), 2 1-2 per cent.

SLIM-FINGER DICK UP FOR ASSAULT

George Kikila is a gambler. He is not exactly slim-fingered, but he is there with the loaded dice in great shape. He can gather a crowd of Hawaiian stevedores quicker than any other man that ever called for a seven. Unluckily he has never been caught. The nearest he came to it was yesterday in Palama when one David Keahi accused him of slipping through the phony bones. Whereupon George did soak David very hard. This caused the arrest of George. But David was also arrested, for one Kahahana Dias, a lady who admired the slim-fingered one, sent in a complaint against David.

And so it happened that George Kikila, the notorious gambler, was held in quod, not for gambling, but for soaking a victim. Also the victim, David Keahi, was held for soaking a wahine, said wahine being a friend of said George.

TENERIFFE THREATENED.

(By Associated Press.)

MADRID, November 19.—Mount Sorez is in a state of violent eruption, the action of this volcano threatening the destruction of the island of Teneriffe, of the Canary Group.

MRS. SPRECKELS' ALLOWANCE

(By Associated Press.)

SAN FRANCISCO, November 19.—Mrs. Claus Spreckels, widow of the late millionaire, has been allowed five thousand dollars a month from the estate.

AMERICAN DOWAGER DUCHESS IS DEAD

(By Associated Press.)

LONDON, November 20.—Constance, the Dowager-Duchess of Manchester, died here yesterday of heart failure. The Duchess was before her marriage, Miss Yvonne de Ville of Louisiana.

A case of Mrs. Keeney's Gold Medal process makes a fine Christmas gift. Order early.

THE BYSTANDER



Emerson on Hulas.
Contingent Fee Ethics.
Fall of Father Valentin.
The Waverley Dance Hall.
Politics and Spoils.
Juryman and Patriotism.
The Village Out-Up.

Who ever would have thought, from appearances, that the one in Honolulu knowing the most concerning the hula and the ulani was Doctor Emerson? Yet his book, just issued, proves it. From first to last, he knows it all, and his knowledge has been certified to by the bureau of American ethnology. This goes to prove not only the antiquity of the hula, but also its respectability. Heretofore my knowledge of the hula has been confined to conversations with tourists who have been led off through the woods and charged five dollars to see the real Hawaiian in her hair and hula skirt. Most of the tourists referred regretfully to the five dollars. I knew, of course, that the Honorable Kaniho had a hula class between sessions of the legislature, but somehow or other that fact never impressed me with the sanctity of the hula that my friend Doctor Emerson throws around it. In some way I got Kaniho's terpsichorean skill and his aptness as a kahuna muddled.

Frequently I have seen people get up and wriggle, and say that that was a hula. Now, after reading Emerson's book, I can calmly inform these people that they are mistaken. I can tell them that the hula enables one to "perceive that in this he has found the door to the hearts of the people," something like a luau given by a politician.

Doctor Emerson's work is a valuable one, however, not only to a student of ethnology, but to everyone who has an aloha for the poetic myths and fables of Hawaii and "the good old days."

It is always a noble sight to sit in a courtroom and watch a lawyer pour out his vials of contempt on a witness for the prosecution in a blind pig case. It is always inspiring to listen to the noble sentiments the lawyer gets off his chest and to see how the juryman cast bitter glances toward the cowering informer. When the learned attorney for the defense drags out an admission that the informer's fee depends upon a conviction, note the expression he throws at the jury box. Every lineament tells of disgust at such human baseness as having a fee depend upon "sticking" a client. Generally the lawyer can prove that the informer served a term in jail before he turned informer; invariably he is shown to be a man who uses vile liquor; generally it is shown that he has wicked companions, all of which the attorney uses in his summing up to show how impossible it could be for such a vile creature to have entered the hallowed precinct of a blind pig. With his noble words ringing in their ears, the juryman retire and consider their not-guilty verdict. Vice, represented by the informer, thus gets it in the neck, and virtue, represented by the blind pig proprietor, has his own reward.

Then the lawyer, who has been working for a fee contingent on winning his case, is paid off, and justice has again been satisfied.

The query is: Why is it so much worse to work for a contingent fee for the prosecution than it is for the defense?

Father Valentin of the Catholic Mission is an enthusiastic motorcyclist, using the machine in the administration of his parochial duties, the machine enabling him to visit remote places of the parish and of the island. Years ago the good father rode a bicycle. That was in the days when all the fathers wore cassocks wherever they went. Father Valentin's only preparation for a spin in those days was to gather up his skirts, tuck them in around his belt, mount his bicycle and speed along the street, puffing away at his inevitable cigar. Father Valentin has always been for progress, and he was the first of the mission fathers to become an American citizen, the first to advocate the discarding of the cassock for street wear, the first to appear in public in a frock coat, and, when automobiles and motorcycles came into use, he advanced a peg and took up motorcycling. Everything went smoothly enough for him until yesterday morning, when the machine seemed a little out of sorts. He fixed up the carburetor and things, and, waving a hand to his conferees, started off. That was all. The machine bucked like a spotted cayuse, and it is said that the cathedral caretaker had to come out to the street and gather up the fragments of the father and his machine. Father Ulrich had his little experience last week shoving a breakdown auto up the Pali road, but yesterday was his day to laugh.

I do not know whose particular business it is to guard the morals of the young Hawaiian girls of this city or the health of the boys, Hawaiians and haoles. I do know, however, that there is work for such a person or society in connection with one of the places of public amusement in this city. That is the Waverley Dance Hall. In my opinion, and I visited the place twice recently to form an opinion, the place should be shut up. Last night I saw at least a dozen little girls under ten years old being jostled around by tipsy men, most of them using language both blasphemous and filthy. I saw a score or more of other little girls, under sixteen years of age, taking part in the dancing, standing about in the lobby of the hall listening to remarks and suggestive jokes without an apparent qualm, marking them as either far on the way toward the inevitable end or as intensely stupid, and I do not think they were the latter. I saw women going in and out of the place and taking girls away to place them in haeks, and I do not believe the haeks were to carry the girls home. I heard dates made between men and girls; I heard a bargain made between an old crone and a young white man, the former evidently a procuress. I heard and saw enough to convince me that the Waverley hall is a first-class imitation of the Barbary Coast, and certainly we want nothing of that kind in downtown Honolulu.

I talked with the proprietor of the place, a bright looking young Hawaiian. "We are trying to run this place decently," he told me. "Do you see anything objectionable on the floor?"

As a matter of fact there is nothing objectionable to be seen in connection with the dancing.

"In this way I am able to help a good many Hawaiian boys make a living," he explained. "I divide all the receipts among the players."

This may be all true. It probably is. But, while it may help the Hawaiian musicians, it is certainly degrading many Hawaiian girls.

I am told by the doctors that the Waverley hall is a "plague center," worse than anything that has ever been in the city. I do not want to take up that phase of the question, however. That properly belongs to the board of health and the purity brigades of the Honolulu churches.

The Bystander is a Republican and is as anxious for a party victory next fall as anyone, provided, of course, that one will not have to wear a clothespin on the nose when marking the straight ticket. I object, however, to limiting Republican argument to the spoils to be secured through victory. Imagine what would happen to Taft if, on the swing around the circle, he had talked about fat jobs for Republicans, employment for those who vote the straight ticket, getting next to the feed trough, and such things as mark the climax for political oratory here. It is argued that the Hawaiian voter will not be enthusiastic over the prospect of good government, while he will over the prospect of a good job. Even so, is that any reason for confining oneself to a discussion of the job? It may be that the Hawaiian politicians can be educated up to better things. At least, let the leaders set a high mark and make some attempt to reach it.

In looking over the lists of juryman selected to serve for the next term of court here I was struck by the high average of the good and true citizens picked

Afonso's humor is of a nature decidedly uncommon. In the house nothing could daunt it. When he was out of order, which happened several times a day, he always had a merry quip to ease his calldown. His motions invariably convulsed the other members and helped pass away a good deal of the time that might otherwise have been taken up by some dull matter of public business. When Hihio slumbered in his seat, it was always the Village Cut-Up, Afonso, who, stuck a pin in him and made the Speaker pound his desk with the gavel in glee. There was nothing that this Hilo jester could not think of—when he was thinking, that is. Of course, he had some off moments when he had to rest up his thinker. No man could keep up forever the pace he did—not even Afonso.

It is no wonder that his grateful people have given Afonso the job that he provided for himself. This job takes him away from Hilo quite a lot, but that is not the only reason the Hilo people gave it to him. Hilo ought to be proud of Afonso. He is the man who made their city famous. Kealawa deserves some credit, of course, but the real plum goes to Afonso, The Jester. Hilo really ought, in token of gratefulness, to present him with a cap and bells. Out. There is scarcely a name on the lists which does not stand for squareness, fairness, intelligence and some business ability. I mentioned this fact to a friend, who is inclined to be a scoffer at the idea of anyone being willing to sacrifice personal convenience for public duty. "Wait until the court sits," he says, "and you will see how these 'good citizens,' one after another, plead to be excused. We will have the same old deadbeats back in the jury box again."

I doubt it. I refuse to believe that there are not enough public-spirited men among the seventy-five selected to act as a full jury. I realize, of course, that the manner of questioning and eliminating juryman results almost invariably in the survival of the unfittest, but the unfit among the men named will be many times better than what we have been getting during the past few months.

Representative Afonso, of Hilo, is a greater man than many of his town-folk think him. In some respects he is a greater man than he thinks he is himself, which, to Hiloites, will seem like a very preposterous statement. It is a fact, nevertheless. When the electors of Hilo sent Afonso to Honolulu, they did so with an idea that he might average up with the crowd. They had no idea that at one bound he would make a name for himself, and the greatest supporter of his never suspected that it was as a humorist that he would shine.

Lone Observer at the Fishmarket

What Honolulu doesn't eat wouldn't give a hungry hyena a square meal. The Lone Observer and the Sky Pilot yesterday took a trip through the haunts of the dried squid, kumu, boiled shark, and Lot C. Lane. Lane was not on deck, probably was giving a country influence the glad hand in an obscure corner. It is always wise to furnish the house early. But the dried squid and its near relatives were at home.

The fishmarket doesn't need any description to the people of Honolulu. Makiki, to be sure, wasn't represented there by the "front door," as James says, but the back door was there with a basket hanging on her arm and murder in her eye.

If you don't go to the market with murder in your eye, you get skinned. You get flayed alive. A produce exchange wouldn't be able to keep tags on the prices with a dozen chalkers taking bids. The back door with the basket was buying mullet with much wisdom and some coin. She offered ten cents for a lot and the cowering pake threw in an extra fish for good measure. She probably kept the difference between that price and that which her mistress would have paid. Anyway she was the servant of the best known resident of Makiki.

There was one Front Door buying, with an expression on her face expressive of Charity and Good Will. This is foolish. At the same stall the back door bought mullet, this Front Door bought one little fish of the same variety for fifteen cents and was made to feel that she was getting a bargain.

But, of course, everybody knows that.

The Lone Observer, in his futile way, wanted to be instructed in the selection of fish and flesh. He was instructed. An obliging pake told him all about it. The eye must be fairly bright and not glazed; the body must be soft and the gills red. This was simple, and he bought a fish.

The fish had a glass eye, was in the first stages of putrefaction, and looked as if it had been caught by Noah. The Lone Observer doesn't know how the pake ever did it; and, come to think about it, he paid twenty cents for it, too. But then even the pakes must make a living.

The Sky Pilot bought a piece of ti root and instructed him how to chew it. Two Hawaiian girls came around to look and made the Lone Observer nervous, for he was ever bashful. When the crowd grew thicker, the Lone Observer gave it to a poor suffering newsboy. He also sampled Hawaiian pudding, which, he was assured by the Sky Pilot, was made of taro and coconut. The Sky Pilot said it was fine. As the old ditty goes, "Somebody—" but let us not treat on delicate subjects.

There was seaweed, octopuses—or is it octopi—sharks and fish, of course. Nearly everybody has been to the aquarium, but the fishmarket has the greater variety. If the aquarium people had any gumption, that establishment would be five times more interesting. Nobody desires to hear about the peculiarities of Hawaiian fishes, but the Lone Observer wants to know—

First, whether Nature had any shreds of self-respect left when she made that long yellow thing with a button-hook on its nose?

Secondly, the description of the particular mental spasm Nature underwent when she conceived the idea of making a flat thing with whiskers and the eyes in the middle of its back?

And, thirdly, what particularly sarcastic mood she was in when she made a man with a capacity for drying squid?

During their rambles around the block the Lone Observer and the Sky Pilot saw wother things besides opium pipe dreams. For instance, in an obscure dry goods store on King street near the river, they found the old house servant of Premier Walter Murray Gibson, who used to live in the house opposite the opera farther up the street.

His name is Miyama, and he is small and thin with an oriental mustache and an oriental courtesy. He worked for the Premier of the old days for four or five years, and last in 1887. He knows the closet secrets of the house and the ins and outs of the doings of the man he worked for from alpha to omega, and some historian had better dig him up and pump him quick.

The building his place is in is owned by one Armstrong, who must be getting rich on the rentals. They run from fifty to a hundred dollars for the stores and from five to ten for the rooms upstairs. The living rooms of the place are clean and wholesome, and the Lone Observer had no use for the two small corks he carried with him out of experience.

A little stretch of imagination is needed here. The building is built of stone, with no plaster or paper on the inside. From the outside, had smaller buildings not sprung up around it, it would look as grim as a prison and something made for konas to buffet and sea birds to roost on. This is where the imagination comes in, for there was not always dry goods stores and well-built wharves here. This same district was formerly a swamp, and a bad one, oozy and foul, a proper setting for the old stone house, although the Lone Observer won't swear that the house stood there when the swamp was there.

Within a block's radius of the market is a bevy of well-known representatives of four races. Quite a cosmopolitan affair. Lee Let, the Chinese merchant, who is using Breckons, Stackable and others for large sums for searching his place for opium, has another and finer dry goods store just Ewa of the market. He is paying himself \$200 a month rent, for he owns the buildings as well as the stock. Makai of the market is the rice and planing mill of another of Honolulu's leading Chinese. So much for China.

S. Ozaki represents the Japanese with his dry goods, grocery and liquor stores next to Lee Let's store. At present he is in pilikia for selling imitation whisky, and may have to stand a stiff fine for it. George Kaea blossoms out for Hawaii nei with two poi and awa shops on Maunakea street. Our notorious gambling friend has quite a trade.

And now, hooray for the dear old Irish Consul, Thomas McTigue, for the white race. He had, an' would ye believe it, but it's Tom what has the swell place. But, pahaw! everybody knows the Irish Consul.

What gets the Lone Observer is, however did that pake beat him on the patriarchal mullet?

SUREST DEFENSE.

This is the season when sickness stalks through the land in the form of pneumonia. The surest defense against the disease is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all dealers. Brown, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

Pompano—Why do you work so hard, Bagley? You slave from morning until night. Bagley—I know I do. I wish to get rich. I want to die worth a million. Pompano—Well, there's no no counting for taxes. Now, I would much prefer to live worth half a million—Philadelphia Call.